Presidential Campaigns Remembered By A Printer 1888-1892

By LeROY ARMSTRONG

THEY say that when good people die they go to Italy. When printers get too good for bourgeoise type and a weekly paper, they go to Chicago. And I was there in the campaign of 1888. The fast man in the job alley said those figures reminded him of three stout women convoyed by a little thin man

If ever I had a lesson in the beauties of disorganization, it was in that campaign. Every Democrat had his own idea of how Cleveland should have run his office. They hadn't had a chance to taste pie for so long that the crust may have been soggy; but they wanted it. And no two of them wanted it the same way. Over five million Democrats voted for Cleveland in 1884, and—with the exception of the few appointed to office, there were at least four million national programs that he had not properly carried out. Every United States marshal he appointed made twenty candidates sore. And there were as many violently disgruntled Democrats as there were citizens "patronizing" the postoffice, as soon as the postmaster's commission was published.

So that when I got down to the train on the morning after election and bought a paper, there was the statement: "Harrison is Elected," just filling the line. And the funny thing about it is that every one—Democrats and Republicans, seemed equally pleased over the result.

For the disgruntled Democrats couldn't get over their grouch because he had not "recognized" them, or because he had appointed some lukewarm Bourbon or some "liberal" Republican to office. They had won the Presidency on the most ethical of campaigns. They had demanded civil service reform, and when Cleveland took them at their word, and didn't empty the offices within the first six months, they began to swear at him. And they kept it up to the extent of refusing to vote for him four years later—or they made the punishment positive by voting for Harrison.

They had demanded a reform of the tariff, and when Cleveland lent his mighty energies to an accomplishment of that miracle, they handicapped him everywhere. They had pointed the finger of scorn at the bad character of some men strong in the councils or high in the offices of the Republican party, and yet when they had a chance to elevate politics, they certainly put forward for appointment some of the choice and master scamps of any age. And they raved like Jeff Davis of Arkansas when Cleveland asked them to withdraw their recommendations before some one published the record of their proteges.

Cleveland didn't get far in his first term. But he did impress the country that he was square, and strong, and brave, and able. And he was the first man his party had elected since 1856. So that, all through Harrison's one term the Cleveland sentiment grew stronger. Poor Harrison was not what might be called a magnetic man. He was the coolest person that ever lived on the banks of the Potomac. And thousands of Republicans took a leaf from the Democratic book, and damned him with praise that was far form faint. So that as the election of 1892 came nearer, Cleveland stock had risen again. The Democrats had learned their lesson. If they wanted their party to succeed at all, they would have to realize the fact that it was a party, and not an individual. It was made up of some millions of men, and one of them had as good a right as any other to dictate policies.

I had broken into newspaper work the year after Harrison's election, and was thought to be doing pretty well on the old Herald. One time in about 1891 Mr. Seymour, the managing editor, sent me up through Wisconsin and Iowa to get as intimate an expression as possible of the political situation in those rather important states. And when I came back and told him that the Democrats were strong for the nomination of Cleveland again, he said: "They will have to kill off Cleveland, or he will kill the Democratic party."

They didn't kill off Cleveland, but you will please observe they haven't had another Democratic President since. That pretty nearly amounts to killing off a party. It is twenty long years since they didn't "kill off Cleveland."

Through the year 1891 the Democrats, clearly profiting by their squabbles in the first Cleveland administration, repented themselves, and got together. Men who had put in four years saying harder things of "the fat man" than we Republicans ever had thought of saying, came to defending him when attacked, and even of going out of their way to initiate argument in his favor. And as the campaign year warmed up, they seemed as solid in their formation as they were in 1884.

In Illinois they were strong enough to make John P. Altgeld their candidate for governor, and if ever there were two men standing at the opposing poles of political sphere, it was Cleveland and Altgeld. The Illinois man was not an anarchist but he was loved by everyone of them. But even with the handicap of that pull in opposing directions, the Democrats rounded into the stretch neck and neck with the party in power.

And they dropped everything, and came strong. They didn't care a whoop whether he had appointed them or not. They quite ignored what he had said of some of their candidates. They admitted they might have been wrong in condemning some of his policies. They were for Cleveland.

I don't know how it was down in the country. I think everyone should be born on a farm, and grow up in or near a town of no more than two thousand. You can't know much of politics in a city. And the bigger it is, the less you see of the show. So that, when Cleveland won, the event lapped its way into the past as gently as his first election had been noisy. Republicans had found by experience that a Democratic administration didn't mean chaos and old night, and there was less of the open-mouthed wonder, and more of large-souled acceptance of results.

Which brings us to the first Bryan campaign—and that will be an excellent place to stop.

> "I take the stand that there were 72 delegates in that convention who were not entitled to seats. In voting to unseat them, I do not believe that I violated the pledge of the Republican convention at Provo. The delegates to the national convention were pledged to use every honorable means to nominate President Taft. If stealing is honorable, then I violated the trust and confidence of the Republican party in voting against these delegates. These delegates were Roosevelt delegates, and the leaders of the Republican party needed them to nominate Taft and they were seated."—Statement by Colonel C. E. Loose of Utah.

A state, according to Woolsey, is a community of persons living within certain limits of territory, under a permanent organization which aims to secure the prevalence of justice by self-imposed laws.—From the new text book for the rising generation. "Civil Government of Utah," by Prof. George Thomas, professor of economics, Agricultural College of Utah.

"Why is she so popular in the Beethoven Club? She can neither play nor sing."

"She doesn't try to."

"Why do you call your mother 'mater'?"

"Any woman who can get rid of four homely daughters deserves that appellation."

Mrs. Willis—So you gave up paper-bag cookery.

Mrs. Gillis—Yes. It was too expensive. On three different occasions the cook took the new hat I had just sent home and put it on the stove.

Motor Mention

AMERICA'S great motor classics, the Vanderbilt cup and grand prize races, will be staged in the west for the first time—the grand prize is to be held on September 17th and the Vanderbilt cup on September 21st. Thus a new precedent will be established in making the grand prize race the curtain raiser and the Vanderbilt cup the windup.

Bart J. Ruddle, who is managing the races for the Milwaukee Automobile Dealers' association, spent several days in New York last week perfecting the preliminary details. With a fund of $20,000 at its disposal the racing committee is doing everything possible to make the course perfect. It has been decided to leave the turns flat, but in places where there is any danger of these becoming rutted or torn up by the cars swinging around corners the turns will be made of concrete.

According to Mr. Ruddle, the big problem is the policing of the course. "We are figuring on policing the eight-mile course with 800 National Guardsmen, which means about twelve companies," said Mr. Ruddle. "In addition we will have about 400 deputy sheriffs to protect the property of the residents along the course. We are preparing to seat 40,000 people on our grandstand."

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More than 100 owners of E. M. F. "30" and Flanders "20" cars, recently completed a run of over 600 miles on a tour from Phoenix, Ariz., to Grand Canyon. The tour was open to Studebaker cars only, and had a Governor's cup as the trophy.

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"Wherever one may travel he will find in increasing numbers women who are driving their own cars," says John N. Willys, of the Willys-Overland company. "The present day motor car has become so simplified that a woman can manage it as readily as a man. The motor car has accomplished wonders for womankind. It has taken her out of doors and away from her household cares; it has afforded her and her children exercise pure air and sunshine. Women are not speed fiends. They operate a car with more care and wisdom than the majority of men. Women drive with safety and comfort, and use the same feminine discretion in the driving of a car that is characteristic of them in everyday life. They do not ill-treat a motor car, and because of their sensitive natures they care for a machine as they would for a pet."

"You always promised to give me presents and yet you give me nothing."

"That shows I have more presents of mind than you imagined."